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"Lohengrin" in London, 1875.

(From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.")

Wagnerites! your fond petitions
Were incessant for auditions
Of the "Music of the Future"—to cacophony akin:
Now rest ye, and be thankful!
Shed of grateful tears a tank full—
The R.L.O. and H.M.O. have each played *Lohengrin*.
How the note of preparation
Stirr'd the pulses of the nation!
Rumor said the rival managers cared not for pelf a pin.
If Mapleson spent millions,
Gye would certainly spend billions—
Each quite willing to be bankrupt for the sake of *Lohengrin*.
'Twas said that Vianesi
Was mightily onaisy,
And searched the score for "tunes" all night, his hand
Upon his chin;
While the conscientious Costa
In a single month had lost a
Stone of flesh, while constantly devouring *Lohengrin*.
The lessee of ancient Drury
Said, for his part, he was sure, he
Quite pitied those condemned to hear the Covent Garden
din;
While he of Covent Garden
Said he didn't care a farden
For the weak attempt "across the way" to hash up
Lohengrin.
The managerial rivals,
Both believers in "revivals,"
Found the new production answer;—for "the world"
came flocking in,
Led, by fatal curiosity,
To endure the sad verbosity
Of the singers, "obligato" to the band, in *Lohengrin*.
Henry, surnamed "the Fowler,"
Was a melancholy howler;
The Herald was so tuneless, that to slay him were no sin;
And Frederic and Ortrud
(If to say so wont be thought rude)
Though cheerful, brilliant beings, failed to brighten
Lohengrin.
At the one house Nicolini,
At the other Campanini,
Heroically struggled (all in vain) encores to win;
While Nilsson and Albani,
As Elsa, without blarney,
Sang divinely! Else, a slender chance had Wagner's
Lohengrin.
The Teutons (gifted creatures!)
Decked with smiles their sandy features.
The soul-less Anglo-Saxons asked "When will the tune
begin?"
They found, to their confusion,
No beginning nor conclusion!
So they came to the conclusion "to sleep out this *Lohengrin*."
Yet the music, though somniferous,
Produced results auriferous;
F. Gye and J. H. Mapleson sent Wagner "heaps of
tin" (??)
Those impressari wily
Nudge each other's elbow slyly;
Each hugs his banker's pass-book;—and they whisper
low, and grin.

—Henry Hersee.

Bach's Organ Music.

(From the "Concordia," (London).)

Times have changed here, in regard to the works of the *Cantor* of Leipzig, since the day when Dr. Burney invited dear old Sam. Wesley to inspect, as a novelty, the mutilated edition of the first half of the *Wohltemperirto*

Klavier, referred to so sarcastically in the first of the series of letters to Mr. Jacob. Not only have English musicians recognized the greatness and popularity of Bach's genius, but we seem threatened with a kind of Bach mania, not of the most critical or considerate type, in our drawing-room circles, where fair girls of the æsthetic persuasion may be heard to express their profound admiration for the composer, on the strength perhaps of a couple of "Gavottes," which bear about the same proportion to the works which are the real pillars of Bach's fame as the sonnets of Shakspeare bear to *Lear* and *Othello*, with a full security that they are saying the right thing. Performances of the *Passion* have become the resort of men of eminence in art, literature, and science, who will point out to you the superiority of Bach's concentrated dramatic method over the vain and unmeaning repetitions of Handel's choruses. By such flowers of criticism we learn that Bach has become the fashion, and have room to think that he may eventually be understood.

In the meantime it may be doubted whether sufficient prominence is being given, even by musicians, to the works which after all form the most characteristic and unique exposition of the composer's genius. The organ was to Bach what the pianoforte was to Beethoven; the instrument on which he specially excelled, and for which he wrote, therefore, with the strongest sympathy and interest. He was proud of his excellence as an executant; having, like all musicians of a healthy type of genius, a dash of the *virtuoso* element in his nature—a sense of the pleasure in vanquishing difficulties, which (whatever philosophic critics may say) has had a place in all art that is worth the name. Moreover, the organ was the one medium for the expression of his greater music which existed in as complete a form, with regard to essentials, as at present. The orchestra was then in its infancy, the pianoforte was represented by the spinet, and great choral gatherings, on a scale to do justice to such works as the *Passion* and the B minor Mass, were not. In such works Bach wrote for the future; in his organ music he wrote for his own day, and for instruments which, however their mechanism might be scoffed at by the modern Paris or London manufacturers, possessed all the greatness of scale and weight of tone which made Schumann speak of the sounds of the organ as "the omnipotence of music."

The modern English organist experiences none of Wesley's difficulties in unearthing and reading the organ-music of Bach; the complete and beautifully-engraved edition of Herren Griepenkerl and Roitzsch being now accessible at an almost nominal price. And with some of the finest of the contents of these eight volumes the public have been made to a certain extent familiar. Every one has heard of the "St. Ann" fugue, which in fact was worked so hard by the first introducers of the organ fugues in England that it is now tacitly dropped as hackneyed. The greater of the G minor fugues is at present the *pièce de résistance* with classically-minded players; and others which are more or less frequently heard are the Prelude and Fugue in G, the Toccata in D minor, and the brilliant "show fugue" in D (all in the fourth vol. of Griepenkerl's edition). These and one or two others stand now as representatives to audiences of Bach's organ works, much as the *Pathétique*, the *Pastorale*, the *Moonlight*, and the *Funeral March* sonatas some time ago represented Beethoven's works to the majority of amateurs, and were repeated continu-

ally as if no others had been written. The works named above are among the finest in the volumes of Bach; but others greater than any of them are very rarely heard. How many organists, for instance, ever play the "Toccata and fugue in the Doric mode" (so-called, though in fact the flat sixth is so constantly introduced that the divergence from the normal "D minor" is rather nominal than real)? A composition which, in its sustained grandeur of style—its antiphonal responses rising to so grand a climax in the prelude, its chain of suspensions and imitations unfolding as if by some necessary law of logical progression in the fugue—produces on the mind the impression of a setting forth of the primordial elements of music, unadulterated by any of the accidental embroidery with which passing fashions have disguised it. Or, if it is difficult to get an audience equal to such severely abstract music, there is the great E minor fugue (Griepenkerl, Vol. II, No. 9) with its symmetrically constructed prelude giving opportunity for the most delicate effects of contrast in registering, and with its extraordinarily individual and incisive principal subject which arrests the attention at once, and contrasts so remarkably, too, with the brilliant passages, quite modern in style, in what might be termed the *intermezzo*. A performance of this fugue, embodying all the contrast and variety of effect of which it is capable on a large organ, would be one to call forth the highest manipulative and æsthetic powers of a fine player. Scarcely inferior is the beautiful work in B minor which follows it in the Leipzig edition; and in the prelude of this again it is observable what scope is afforded to the player who will take the trouble to study with this end for the most refined and even piquant effects of registering. The adequate performance of such works would certainly be received with enthusiasm by any educated musical audience; though in those strata of musical society which fashion dominates, it is amusing to observe that people will listen with admiration to the performance of Liszt's pianoforte "transcriptions" of these works by an eminent pianist, who would not go a step out of their way to hear the same compositions played with their true effect on the instrument they were written for. Among other specimens of Bach's organ music, almost entirely neglected, may be named the Prelude and Fugue in F minor (Vol. II, No. 5), remarkable for the clear and flowing character of the prelude; and the still finer one in C minor (No. 6 of the same volume), in which the prelude has all the fire and variety of color of an orchestral composition, susceptible of every shade of effect and climax. Another work in the same key (a favorite one with writers for the organ) is that numbered 6 in Vol. III, a composition which the German editors rightly characterize as one of the most excellent of Bach's works that we possess, the prelude being a most scientific and yet expressive movement, and the fugue notable, among other points, for one of the grandest passages in the whole range of organ music, (that where a subsidiary chromatic subject is introduced,) as well as for the fine and effective manner in which the return to the principal theme is led up to. Of this work it may be pretty roundly affirmed that it is never played. Almost the same degree of neglect seems to befall the beautiful composition which has been placed by the German editors, though on no sufficient evidence, as the prelude to the "St. Ann" fugue, and which combines with some of the highest qualities of Bach's writings a grace and tunefulness of melody

such as we usually connect rather with the name of Mozart. This composition ought to become a favorite even with "popular" audiences, if they ever had a chance of giving their verdict on it.

The intimate connection of Bach, through his organ playing, with the Lutheran church music of his day, led to the production of a very noble and interesting class of compositions embodying in one form or another many of the *chorales* of Lutheran Germany. Mendelssohn, in 1845, edited a collection of all of these which he could find, subsequently re-issued in England by Messrs. Coventry and Hollier; and though, of course, these are included in the Leipzig edition, it is scarcely possible to mention them without recognizing the earlier effort of Mendelssohn to bring them into notice. It is singular that while the fashion of introducing *chorale* melodies, so common in contemporary instrumental compositions, is entirely derived from Bach (through Mendelssohn and Schumann), his organ movements, based on the same kind of theme, seem to be completely a dead letter. No one plays them, no one seems to know of them. They are not perhaps, as was affirmed with a little more zeal than judgment in the musical columns of a literary contemporary, the greatest works for the organ which Bach has left. Of the Mendelssohn volume, which represents probably but a gleanings of the kind of thing that Bach was extemporizing every Sunday to somewhat unappreciative congregations, nearly one half is occupied by short preludes, consisting of a harmonizing of the *chorale* with a more or less elaborate counterpoint, many of which are chiefly valuable now as studies of four and five part writing. Among the most noteworthy is a remarkable setting of the old melody "In dulci jubilo," in double canon, the melody forming one canon, (between the right hand and the pedal), and an elaborate counterpoint figure in triplets, between the two hands, the other. In this case, as in some other of these *chorale* compositions, the pedal plays the tenor part on eight-foot stops, and the real bass is the counterpoint played by the left hand. Bach's power of inventing "figures" for counterpoint is, however, wonderfully shown in these short pieces, more than forty in number. But among the larger works of the class are some in the greatest style of organ music. The grand prelude in F on the old melody "Komm, heiliger Geist," in which the hands carry on a fugal *allegro* movement on a brilliant and flowing subject, while the pedal slowly thunders out at intervals the separate phrases of the *chorale*, is one of those things for which there are hardly, perhaps, either organs or audiences to be found in England. It demands an instrument of the greatest scale, producing volume and power without noise, something very different from the combinations of steam-whistles which are placed in our large music halls under the title of "organs." Among the quieter movements of this class is that one of which Mendelssohn in one of his letters speaks with such enthusiasm, "Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele," which he said "sent a tremor through him," whenever he began to play it. Almost equal to this in beauty is that in G, "An wasserflüssen Babylons," in which, as in the greater one on "Nun danket alle Herrn," the counterpoint repeats, so to speak, the leading lines of the principal melody, producing a remarkable effect of unity in the whole. A highly elaborated *trio* in G for two manuals and pedal is another important work coming under the present category in virtue of the introduction of a *chorale* melody on the pedal just at the close of the movement. One of the most remarkable of these compositions is the setting, in three "verses," of the hymn, "O Gottes Lamm unschuldig," the same which is introduced, though in a rather different form, in the opening chorus of the *Passion*. As a specimen of climax this is unsurpassed in organ music. The first verse is a simple setting of the melody in the treble with a flowing coun-

terpoint in three parts for manuals only. In the second verse the melody is in the inner part, and though written as for manuals, would be most effective if the melody were played on the high notes of the pedal with 8-ft. stops, as it is not unlikely that Bach did play it. In the third verse, where the time is changed from 3-2 to 9-4 and the *chorale* introduced on the pedal, the full powers of the largest organ are demanded, and the striking *fanfare* phrase introduced as a fresh counterpoint in the middle of the verse would give suitable employment for the most brilliant modern *solo* reeds. The climax of this verse, on a grand organ and in the hands of a player who knew how to make the most of it, would be something magnificent; yet it is as absolutely neglected as if it had no existence. It is of no use, however, to expect to realize the effect of such music on the regulation "church organ" of this country: it is designed for an instrument on a great scale. Among the early works of this class is a very quaint and singular setting of "Nun danket alle Herrn" in three parts, requiring very delicate treatment to realize its effect, which should be distant and subdued. There exists also an elaborate set of eleven variations on the *chorale* "Sei gegrüßet Jesu gütig," in G minor, affording scope for almost every variety of treatment in registering, and of bringing in those more delicate effects which the introduction of the *swell* has made possible in modern organ playing. Variations 7 and 8 are especially piquant and effective. The 10th variation, reminding one at its commencement of the style of Handel's concertos, is expanded into a lengthened movement, introducing the *chorale* in the treble in long notes (one to a bar), subsequently appearing in passages of thirds, *à 2 voci*, and affording a legitimate occasion for the employment of the solo reed on a heavy wind, which is one of the most valuable inventions of modern organ-building, though often misused for mere purposes of noise.

One of the most remarkable of all these *chorale* movements was unknown to Mendelssohn when he compiled his edition; that on "Aus tiefer Noth," with a double pedal part, first made known in England in the collection edited by Mr. Best, under the title "Organ Compositions, Ancient and Modern." In this extraordinary example of complex musical reasoning, the phrases of the *chorale* are successively treated in close imitation in six parts, two on the pedal; the upper pedal part giving the subject in augmentation. There can hardly be a doubt, however, that this was intended for an organ with a double pedal-board (of which several exist on the continent) with the upper pedal strengthened to bring out the augmented subject, and that its effect could not be realized otherwise. It might be worth while for modern builders to try their hands at arranging a double pedal-board so as to be easily available by the player; it would supply new combinations, though it is probable that few players would value it in these days when so much stress is laid on mere rapidity in pedalling, and when the organ is turned so much from its best use as the exponent of the higher forms of intellectual music to a mere machine for creating effects. The treatment of Bach's music on modern organs is a question of considerable interest in itself; for while it would be out of keeping, no doubt, to transform its character by giving it too modern a style of coloring, no one, on the other hand, who has noted the piquancy of Bach's orchestration with the few instruments at his command, would believe that he meant his organ compositions to be played in the colorless and dull style in which they are frequently, and till lately were invariably "ground" through. The old German organs for which he wrote were, many of them, rich in variations of timbre and in solo stops of a marked and fanciful character, of which it must be supposed some use was made. Many of the fugues are susceptible of admirable effect when treated quietly and with variations of registering. One that

we used to find particularly suggestive in this way is the beautiful early one in B minor, in vol. 4, of the Leipzig edition, with its counter subject reminding one so curiously of Corelli. If our best players would devote a little more time and trouble towards doing justice to Bach in this way, and thereby making him better "understood of the people," they would be doing a good deal more for art than in getting up orchestral overtures, to show what the organ can not do. The whole system of concert organ-playing requires another Wagner to purify it. Were there no such thing as the Orchestra, the constant efforts at giving increased "brilliance" and increased facilities of mechanism to the organ, might be a gain. As it is, they are only enabling the Organ to do badly what the Orchestra can do well, and entirely taking it out of the sphere of its real triumphs, in which nothing else can imitate or compete with it. A more conscientious study and exposition of the works written by the greatest master of the instrument would perhaps do something to improve the popular taste in this respect, and lead the musical public to see that there is something better to be got from the organ than the "storms" and *Vox humana* effects which the organists of the French school rejoice in, and which are fit for nothing but to amuse children.

H. H. STATHAM.

Sketch of the History and Progress of the Sonata Form.

Read before the London College of Organists, by W. A. Barret, Mus. Bac.

(Concluded from Page 67.)

Contemporary with Scarlatti was Tomaso Albinoni, whose Sonatas were at one time so popular in England that the common fiddlers were able to play movements from them; but there is little indication of sonata form in any one of his compositions. Domenico Alberti, whose name is associated with the arpeggio bass, said to have been invented, certainly very freely used by him, was one among the first, if not the very first, who employed the nearest approach to modern sonata form that had as yet been made. In his "VIII. Sonate per Cembalo" (1737), each one has two movements, and nearly each movement two tangible subjects, properly introduced.

In the works of these earlier writers, including those of Corelli, the sonata form may be traced, for in more than one there is a close upon the dominant in the first section, and the original subject is announced in the key of the dominant at the commencement of the second section, but there is little indication, if any at all, of what might be called a second or subsidiary theme.

In five out of eight of the sonatas of Domenico Alberti, the sonata form is strictly observed in the first movement, and often in the second, and there are no compositions, either for voices or instruments, of better construction, of earlier date than his "sonata in stilo nuovo" (1737).

Alberti's sonatas are in two movements only, like those of many of those of his contemporaries and immediate successors, particularly those by Dr. Croft (1679-1727), Nicolo Porpora (1685-1767), Dr. Boyce (1710-1779), Fedeli (1715-1762), Carlo Tesserine (1715-1765), Frederic Theodor Schumann (1720-1760), Valentin Roeser (1740-1787), &c. Francesco Durante (1684-1755), who, as a teacher, enjoyed a high and honorable reputation, and as a writer of sonatas displays a refined and correct taste, but with little originality of conception, many of his thoughts being based upon the ideas of Scarlatti his master. The sonatas and clavier compositions of Domenico Scarlatti (1683-1757), were, according to Burney, "the wonder and delight of every hearer who had a spark of enthusiasm about him, and could feel new and bold effects, intrepidly produced by the breach of almost all the old and established rules of composition," but they contributed little towards a settlement of form.

It is probable that Handel noted the growth of the form, and occasionally employed it, some of the movements in his "Suites" having the orthodox first and second subject, while others have only a single subject in each section. Some of the songs in his Italian operas are almost in sonata form, wanting only the observance of certain points which it might be easy to supply were it needful. A

familiar example from his best known work, "The Messiah," the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," will show his treatment of the form. If he had made his second subject appear in the dominant key first, and marked the close in B major as the conclusion of the first section, nothing more would have been needed.

Some of the sonatas of Christopher Wagenseil (1688-1779) are in correct form, though the second subject is timidly introduced and employed in the movements. The lingering fondness for the same tonality, which is the characteristic of the suites, and the earliest sonatas, is to be found in Wagenseil; one of his sonatas in the key of F, a fair specimen of his work in this style, has an *allegro assai*, as the first movement, an *andante grazioso* as the second, and a *minuet* as the third. The first and last movements are in F major, and the *andante* in F minor. Each commences with the first subject without introduction, and proceeds in tolerably correct form, the major movements ending the half close on the dominant, and the minor movement in the relative major. The collection in which this sonata is to be found was published between 1740 and 1750, a time when the sonata form was being recognized, but not universally and invariably adopted.

A disregard for the rules of "sonata form" may even be traced in Cherubini's compositions with this title.

The "Clavier Uebung," of J. S. Bach, published singly between 1726 and 1730, marked in Hoffmeister's edition as *Euvre I., No. 1.*, containing six Suites in various keys, offers a very remarkable series of studies, inasmuch as they show the master mind yielding to the custom of his time in the order and style of the arrangements of his Suites and Sonatas, but as free from conventionality as possible, and pointing in the direction so worthily followed by later writers. It would be tedious to give a description of the whole six that you may form an idea of the influence Bach possessed over his own and future generations of musicians and how far he worked towards helping to fix the form now under consideration; but a notice of one may not be uninteresting, because of the early appearance of a title which has been supposed to be of later date. This is the third *suite*,* in A minor, which opens with a *Fantasia*, followed by an *Allemande*, which is succeeded by a *Courante*, more or less free in treatment, the next piece being a *Sarabande* in good form, then a *Burlesca*, next a *scherez* in duple time, and the concluding movement is a *Gigue* in fantasia style. In the third book of the second set, "zweiter Theil der Clavier-uebung," there is a *minuet* in B minor which, instead of a second *minuet* in the relative major according to custom, has a "trio" in B minor; this is noteworthy, as it is probably the earliest instance of the use of the word in such a connection. The construction and arrangement of this second set is so similar to the first, that, with the exception just now pointed out, there is little or no point of difference to call for special remark. The like adoption or rejection of more modern form, in his suites, showing how Bach knew of its existence, and employed it or not as the fancy moved his mind or he thought it fit for his purpose.

The "Sechs leichte Clavier Sonaten," of C. Philipp Emanuel Bach (1711-1788), published at Leipzig 1766, contain each the orthodox three movements, a moderate, a slow, and a quick; and the first, and sometimes the last movement of each is written in sonata form, with the exception of No. 6, which begins with a movement in rondo form. Not one has the name of a dance tune attached to any portion, though there are several which would answer all needs, were they so named. Many of the sonatas of his brother, Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, though cleverly and ably written, show a less regard for symmetrical form, so characteristic of the works of Philipp Emanuel. More than one of Friedemann's sonatas are like those of the older writers, are comprised within a continuous movement, with a frequent change of tempo, rhythm, and tonality. Some portions fulfil all the requirements of form, but they are not marked for repetition. There are no separate and distinct movements, and the form chosen might be called, if not a caprice, at all events an original idea of the rondo, for after many and varied contrasts of time and subject, the sonata concludes with the phrase originally given out.

Emanuel Bach is the composer who is said to have been the first who systematically employed the true modern form of the sonata; but contrasted movements were also adopted by Schobert, who, in 1741, published "6 Sonates pour le Clavecin" the year

* Partita.

before Bach issued his six sonates dedicated to the King of Prussia.

Five out of six of Schobert's sonatas obey every rule: there are only two of Bach's in correct modern form. Schobert's works were at one time the most popular of any composer in England, Dr. Burney having introduced them here in 1766. The learned doctor makes a mistake when he states that Schobert published nothing until 1764, for he was already well known as a composer when he was invited to become "Musician to the Prince de Conti" in 1760, and copies of his sonatas were in the hands of every harpsichord player before that time. Emanuel Bach knew Schobert's value as a musician, for Dr. Burney states that his (Bach's) party allowed Schobert to be a man of genius, but spoiled by his affectation of a new and extraordinary style. They further accused him of frequently copying himself. His writing is perfectly individual, is fresh and novel, and more like an anticipation of Haydn and Mozart than Bach, from whom all the musicians of the time were wont to copy.

It is scarcely necessary to pursue the question further, or to enter into any elaborate argument in support of the claim of any particular musician to the invention of that in which probably all have contributed more or less. For by the period of time to which our inquiries have led the sonatas of Haydn and Mozart became the recognized form of this species of composition, and they are happily so well known that a particular description is unnecessary. Still, notwithstanding the existence of such noble models, not every composer of a sonata cared to use the recognized or sonata form, but by an occasional disregard of it probably showed a desire to develop it further, in many cases without success, for the new forms were simply old arrangements; as Chaucer says:—

"Out of the old fields, as men saith,
Cometh all this new corn from yere to yere,
So out of the old books in good faith
Cometh all this new science that men lere."

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to say that Haydn and Mozart expanded and developed the sonata, which was further brought to the perfection it now stands in by Beethoven. The works of Clementi, the father of pianoforte playing, Dussek, Hummel, Weber, Field, Onslow, Moscheles, and Schubert show no further advance in progress in the development of form, and until a greater genius than either of the above named arises, the sonata must stand where it has been left by Beethoven—a model of beauty, symmetry, fancy, and feeling.

The sum and substance, the whole tendency of my discourse has been to call attention to one of the most beautiful uses of form in music. The advantage of form needs no advocacy of mine. It is felt and experienced by all. Chords may make sounds, but mere sounds will not give continued pleasure. Arrange sounds into some form or shape, and you have a great delight, such as all minds not warped by unhealthy prejudice can heartily and continuously enjoy. I hold that form is a greater essential in music than even harmony. For mere repetition of chords do not, to my mind, make music. Form binds and connects musical ideas together, giving them contour and outline, two qualities which if they are not absolute beauty, at all events go a great way towards realizing our notions of beauty. If we regard music only so far as it is of common use to us, that is to say, so far as it can be made available for such every day purposes as the construction of dance tunes, form is absolutely indispensable, and as one of the chief values of music lies in its power of giving and imparting pleasure, if the element of form is to be divorced from musical construction, we shall have chaos, disorder, and confusion in the stead of shapeliness, regularity, and order in our compositions of the future.

Home Music—As it Is, and as it Might be.

(From an English magazine, "The Leisure Hour.")

I.

The dictionary defines music as "the science of combining sounds in an agreeable manner,—vocal or instrumental harmony;" in private life, however, the word has a far more limited application. When Jones's daughter tells us that she learns music, we are not to understand that she is taking lessons on the harp, or in singing, or in harmony and counterpoint, but that she is devoting her attention to the study of the pianoforte, which has contrived of late years entirely to monopolize the term. In fact, to most Englishmen the word music simply calls up a vision of a grand or a square, with

a morning governess, a tuner, a music-stool, and finishing lessons at two guineas a quarter; while at the very mention of the word their ears are filled with scales in C major, and arrangements of "The Last Rose of Summer," mingled in wild confusion with five-finger exercises, and the daily studies of Czerny and Bertini.

Notwithstanding that every English girl undergoes a more or less extensive, and expensive, training on the pianoforte, it can hardly be said that English domestic music is improving, or even that it is so good as it was before the omnipresent instrument was invented; on the contrary, it may be fairly argued that the pianoforte has really been the indirect cause of the decline and fall of music as a welcome home recreation. We appeal to our readers: Where the pianoforte exists, is there not much more *practising* (this word has also acquired a sense of its own) than playing? When a *piece* (also in a technical sense) is ready for performance in the family circle, does it not always fall flat and stale on the ears of those whose fate it has been to hear the weeks of thumping that have preceded its final consummation?

The question will arise, What has brought the piano into such prominence in English domestic life? The reason is this: in the first place it forms a most convenient accompaniment for solo songs, one of the positions it fills to the best advantage; in the next place, a whole tune, by which we mean an air completely harmonized, may be produced by one person on one instrument; while, thirdly and chiefly, nearly every one, persons possessed of little, or even absolutely devoid of any musical taste, may by dint of practice play a tune passably, provided that it requires no more expression than can be produced by a judicious use of the right-hand pedal. Besides, owing to the facility of the execution in certain combinations—for instance, common chords arpeggiated in rapid notes—an air may be arranged so as to be at once brilliant, or what is so-called, and yet tolerably easy. Accordingly a demand, and, we are sorry to add, an unfulfilling supply of these jingling, expressionless *pieces* is created, and thus it is that washy opera airs, set in ornamental filigrees of demisemiquavers, common waltz tunes in the form of *Moreaux Brillants pour Salon*, and tortured versions of the "Bluebells of Scotland," disguised as *Grandes fantaisies sur un theme Ecossais*, are poured forth on the unresisting world for the sake of girls who, possessed of the digital dexterity requisite for their performance and nothing more, believe that in playing them they are making music, and entertaining their fellow-creatures.

When a girl has received her early training in a school like this, she finds it almost impossible to adopt a more rational style. Not only is the taste vitiated, but the left hand, which has been comparatively untrained, will either be physically unable to execute the bass part in the sonatas of Beethoven, or will drop from the keyboard tired out before the middle of the first movement. The effect so easily procured by merely mechanical means in the pieces of the day, cannot be obtained in the works of the great masters without a sympathetic mind and a cultivated taste; in short, the soul must play as well as the fingers. How absolutely painful it is to hear a player nourished on the ordinary boarding-school pieces, attempt an adagio of Beethoven, notably that which commences his "Moonlight Sonata," (No. 14). She will carefully give each triplet its exact metronome time, play steadily, calmly, and cold-bloodedly (if the term may be used), through to the end, with no passion, with no expression; and then wonder, as well she may, what people can ever find to admire in classical music. The consequence is that fathers, brothers and other relations, except perhaps the admiring mamma, who has resolved that all her daughters, whether musically inclined or not, shall be possessed of the accomplishment, wearied by the horrible sameness attending every performance, never ask for a tune, and stealthily retire from the room if they perceive the signs of an impending encounter with the much-enduring instrument.

With the piano the accompanied ballad has grown up, and here, too, a supply of the most inferior trash is produced, usurping the place of the old glees, catches, canons and rounds, which, not long ago, might be heard in every house in the country. The part-song still finds its votaries among the choral societies, but at home the alto, tenor and bass would feel that they were being eclipsed by the soprano, were they to take the trouble to get up a part in "Crabbed Age and Youth," or "Down in a Flower Dale." Alto, tenor and bass ballads

may be had, and the poorer the singer the readier to show off in a solo. Thus we find the tenor reveling in the mawkish sentiment of "Kiss me, mother, ere I leave thee, nevermore to meet again," or an almost voiceless bass attempting the jubilant strains of "Oh, gay is the life of a brigand bold," with perhaps a shake on the last note but one. How is it, by the way, that the untrained amateur always does try to shake?

When a glee is attempted, the great aim seems to be to stand up and sing something. It matters not that there is no tenor present, that there are five basses and six sopranos, but only one alto; that some are not only unable to sing from music, but have never seen the glee before. Some Vandal voiceless baritone smooths all these difficulties with "Oh, Miss B—— will play the accompaniment, you know, and it will be all right;" the performers shout it through somehow, wandering into each other's parts, and think themselves perfect if they come in more or less together at the end, and then usually blandly enclose themselves with "Let's have another try, and mind the marks of expression." The custom of publishing accompaniments to glees that were never intended to be sung with them, cannot be too highly reprobated as a concession to the low ebb of modern vocal culture.

What a loss is the art of glee-singing when the time for picnics arrives! The pianoforte is impracticable, the guitar no longer studied, and the banjo prohibited in polite society. Solo songs are thus for the most part unavailable. Concerted vocal music always sounds delicious under the canopy of heaven; those only who have heard Mendelssohn's beautiful open-air songs can imagine the delight and pleasure they furnish at a summer out-of-door gathering; but thanks to the rise of the ruthless piano, that lovely picnic music, for so it may be called, is a sealed book to all but a very few. Its place is probably taken by a song (volunteered by the humorous man of the company) with what he facetiously styles a *corious*, in which the company, on his invitation, join in unison.

It will be admitted that domestic music is generally looked upon at best as a mere pastime, taken up to fill an idle moment, or as an agreeable supplement to the conversation at the stately evening party of middle-class society, and from this view of the subject some awkward mistakes are likely to occur. The writer well remembers being present some years ago at a friend's house, where it was customary for a few amateurs to meet for the sake of performing and listening to good classical music. On the evening in question, two friends of the host, but strangers to the rest of the company, were present, and under the above erroneous impression as to the use of "the divine art," annoyed every one by carrying on a vehement political debate during the first movement of a quintet of Mozart's. At the conclusion of the allegro, they were politely asked by the host if they did not find the room too hot, and if they would not like to walk in the garden, but replied no; they preferred to listen to the music, which was accordingly finished with an obligato political accompaniment. In the next piece, however, which was a solo sonata of Beethoven's, they discovered their mistake. They endeavored to continue their conversation with the string players, who were now at liberty; but finding that their queries were met by whispered answers, while their observations were left unresponded to, at last realized the position, and for the remainder of the evening formed a most decorous, if not an appreciative audience.

II.

With regard to the second part of our title, "Home music as it might be," let us adopt as our leading maxim, that the violin is as much an instrument for girls as the pianoforte, and abolish the absurd notion that there is anything fast or forward in a violin-playing lady. Fast and forward it may be to adopt the slang, the smoking, and other bad habits of the other sex; but there is nothing more blameworthy in a girl's learning the violin, than in her working a telegraph, or exercising any other rational occupation which it has been the custom to consider, though without just grounds, the exclusive property of men. As an instrument, the violin is, in fact, more suitable for girls than boys, requiring as it does, in a higher degree than any other, that delicacy of manipulation, that careful attention to matters of detail, and that neatness of execution with which a girl is naturally endowed more liberally than a boy. The brothers will take to the violoncello if the sisters will only learn the violin and viola, and then what a feast of music is opened as

soon as a moderate progress is made. Haydn wrote eighty-three string quartets, and Mozart twenty-seven, few of which require any exceptional degree of skill to play, and all of which might be compassed with half the labor and five times the effect bestowed on and gained from the senseless pearl and diamond style of modern piano music. Necessarily requiring a deeper knowledge and sound contrapuntal skill, quartet-writing could not fall into the hands of those who write down to the capacities, and so vitiate the tastes of the learner. It is objected with much bitterness that beginners on the violin incommode the household with scraping. Granted; but the scraping never lasts longer than a few months at the most; the violinist soon gets a firm tone, while on the piano, even with a great artiste, the discordant exercises and thumping scales are an unceasing bugbear to dwellers in the same house.

The pianoforte, when music exists as it should be, will be for the most part relegated to its most becoming duty—that is, of supporting a song, or will appear almost as a new instrument in Mozart's and Beethoven's delicious quartets, quintets, and trios for piano and strings, where it forms a beautiful and unobtrusive groundwork for the more marked phrases of the stringed instruments, varied now and then by tasteful solo passages; or will be heard as a solo instrument in the sublime sonatas of Beethoven, and the tender "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn, to a taste for which the habit of accompanying and listening to violin music cannot fail to pave the way.

The word "Classical" if approached through the lively string music of Haydn, soon loses its terrors. The father of modern music abounds in light gay melodies as pretty and fanciful as any of the present day, supported, moreover, by the most fascinating, and at the same time scientific harmonies. Haydn leads to the tender, pathetic Mozart, and Mozart, by a somewhat longer but still an easy step, to Beethoven, and classical becomes no longer synonymous with heavy. Played by an unsympathetic hand, Beethoven may sound dull; but when approached by a cultivated taste, he has more beauties to show than any two other composers; while as a master of the grand and sublime in music, always excepting Handel, he is absolutely incomparable.

Let it, then, be adopted as a rule, that one pianist in a household is sufficient, and that the extra talent, if any, shall be drafted to the violin; and then one family would soon be able to produce an entertainment as interesting if not so highly finished as the Popular Concerts.

With regard to the singing of the present day, the root of the evil is the ever-increasing neglect of the art of sight vocalization. Amateurs think it so much easier to learn each new song by ear, with the aid of the piano, than once for all to master the principles of vocalization. Even the singing-master, instead of going through a rigorous course of instruction with his pupils, lets them learn an air by thrumming it on the piano, and then gives a few hints as to style, phrasing, and the management of the breath; putting on the roof, in fact, before the foundations are laid. It cannot be denied that solfeggi and interval practice are tedious and uninteresting even to those who have a natural taste for the art, but yet every child in Germany makes a good sight-singer; and the plan which succeeds there would be perfectly feasible here. The school children there, although they cannot read music, and however young, have the notes before them, either on the black board or on paper, whenever they sing; so that a child singing by ear learns to identify certain progressions of sounds with the corresponding series of printed notes, and with the help of a few explanations soon recognizes and understands the whole principle, without much necessity of interval practice. This is probably enough the way in which our forefathers learned the art in the days of Elizabeth, James, and the Charleses, when the glee, madrigal, and catch-book were to be found in use round the fire-side every winter's evening. When sight-singing becomes universal again, then will part-singing once more flourish in the domestic circle, for really good singers are never so anxious to be heard in solo pieces as those who have spent weeks in getting up a song, and are resolutely determined to let it off when an opportunity presents itself. At present, if we wish to hear one of Benoit's or Marceniz's evergreen madrigals, or Stevens' or Webbe's genial glees, we must pay a handsome price at a public concert, a pleasure that few of us can indulge in more than three or four times a year.

In conclusion, we would desire to impress it on our readers' minds, that music can be made something more than a mere pastime; it can soothe and benefit the mind of a listener, more than one who is a stranger to the great masters can imagine, besides forming for its cultivator an intellectual, but at the same time, always an interesting pursuit.

Musical Precocity.

[From the "Gazzetta Musicale di Milano,"]

Cases of boys and of mere children possessing marvellous aptitude as musical executants are not only not as rare as is generally supposed, but are absolutely very frequent. The history of musical art contains an exceedingly large number of instances.

Concert-players, aged nine, eight, or seven, respectively, are to be counted by fifties rather than by dozens. But this is far from all.

A child named Benincori (born at Brescia, in 1779) performed a violin concerto before the Court of Parma, when he was only six and a half years old. A child named Cianchetti (born in London, of Roman parents, in 1799) performed at the Italian Operahouse a concerto of his own composing, and extemporized on themes suggested by the public, when he had not attained his sixth year. A boy named Berwald (born at Stockholm, in 1788) began learning the violin when he was three, and in thirteen months played at a public concert. Young Crotch (born at Norwich, in 1775) publicly performed on the organ the National Anthem of "God Save the King," and the then famous "Minnet de la Cour," when he was only three. A boy named André (born at Offenbach, in 1778) having commenced his studies at the age of two, was, at eight, a pianist, a violinist, a singer, and a composer. A boy named Marque (born at Paris, in 1781) was a violinist distinguished—as his biographers inform us—for the marvellous correctness of his tone, at the age of six. A boy named Kellner (born at Windsor, in 1793) performed, when he was five years and a few months old, with all the certainty of an experienced artist, the most difficult sonatas of Handel. And there are many and many more such.

In the generation of those who have now attained maturity, there are very many who possessed extraordinarily precocious musical powers. Among these (to mention only the most famous) is Miss Wood, who was a composer at the age of five; Arriaga, Gatayes, Lonicier, all of whom also composed; Herz, Liszt, Gerke, Jaell, and Geiger, pianists; Ancot, Danclo, Bott, Vieuxtemps, and Milanollo, violinists; Gouvy, harpist; Verroust, oboist; the brothers Carlo and Antonio de Kontski, and their sister, Eugenia (the first a violinist, and pianists the two others), who gave a concert at Warsaw, in 1822, when their united ages amounted only to seventeen years and six months.

After these came Brahms, St. Saens, Michelangelo Russo, Carreno, Lotto, Benoni, Nacciarone, Stanziari, Merli, Neruda, the Brothers Perry, the Brothers Vianesi, and Rendano.

And after the usual marvels have been accomplished, and the usual exclamations spoken and written, we are, at the present day awaiting the ultimate result in the case of not a few others; such as the Signorita Gallone, a pianist, who, four years since, sent the Milanese into ecstasies by her playing at the Conservatory, of which she then was, and, perhaps, now is, a pupil; the Brothers Napoleone and Vittorio Fantoni, the first a pianist, and the second a violinist, who were greatly applauded in 1872, at the Teatro Apollo, Venice; Romeo Dionesi, a singer when he was only five, "A true prodigy of musical art," (wrote the New York *Eco d'Italia*) "who has attracted the attention of the public in many cities of Europe and of South America;" Clementino del Ponte, who, when he played at Moncalvo, three years ago, was really seventeen, but the performance was no common one; for the *Vessillo d'Italia* then wrote: "Del Ponte possesses a singular memory; the dexterity and certainty almost of an old artist; a delicacy of execution which causes one to feel the most refined gradations of the ideas, and of the most exquisite and recondite modulations of the passions, and most varied and effective color, by means of which he transports one from the gentle and almost inaudible arpeggio of a distant lute to the rumbling of the thunder and the furious crashing of the storm!"

Still more recently we have had Benedetto Palmieri, of whom our friend Filippi wrote: "Little Palmieri possesses gifts which excite hopes of a future great artist; he reads well at sight; he accompanies intelligently, and executes the most

astounding difficulties, so that it is quite marvellous to see him with those tiny hands of his, which, when stretched out, do not, from the thumb to the little finger, grasp five keys. In addition to good mechanism, he boasts of delicate musical feeling; he accentuates well; and colors and interprets with rare appreciation. We have, furthermore, had Cesare Augusto Lancellotti, applauded as a pianist at Rome and Florence; and the Sisters Hess, of New York, one a pianist and the other a violinist, who, in 1873, made the severe frequenters of the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, raise their eyebrows; and little Richter, who, likewise in 1873, played at Cologne with such splendid success that the *Wochenblatt* declared her to be no less extraordinarily and miraculously gifted than Mozart!

Mozart, we will say as though in parenthesis, stands by himself among the instances of precocious genius. No one was ever more favored by nature; no one ever fulfilled so completely and so splendidly what he promised. The story of his childhood is in a different sphere, but not in a different degree, a repetition of the story, wonderful as it was, of Pico della Mirandola. At the age of four Mozart played the piano; when he was five he composed; and, not yet knowing how to hold a pen, dictated to his master or to his father. When he was six he gave a public specimen in Vienna of what he could do as a pianoforte player; at the age of eight, without any one knowing how or when he had studied, he was a skillful violinist, highly popular at the Court of Munich; and, six months afterwards, he was most highly applauded at the French Court as an organist. When he was eight he sent, for the first time, his compositions to the press. He extemporized for hours together, either as his fancy dictated, or upon given themes, and in the fugued style, though he had not then studied counterpoint. He executed mentally, and more rapidly than others with a pen, the most complicated arithmetical questions. He was endowed with so tenacious a memory as to be able to repeat an entire piece of music, without making a mistake in a single note, after hearing the piece only once. When he was twelve he spoke and wrote—besides German—French and Italian; wrote comedies in Latin, and composed his first melodrama, *La Finta semplice*.

The above cases of precocity are scarcely a tenth of those with which we have met in our studies, and which we might have cited. And who knows how many we have missed? How many, too, were missed by the historians and the writers whom we have consulted? *

Having established thus much, the conclusion to which we come is that; taken one by one, the cases of which we are treating cannot fail to excite our wonder, but that, when studied in history where we come across them at every page, and where they are nearly continuous, our wonder entirely ceases, and it does so to make way for a very different feeling.

With history in hand, then, what really surprises us is not the abundance and excellence of the natural tendencies, nor their precocious development, but the fact of their bearing such mediocre and meagre fruit, and of their finally resulting nearly always in nothing.

This is a most appropriate place for observing that anyone who studies the history of music is struck no less frequently and no less strongly by cases of an opposite kind, namely, cases in which he finds musicians, not simply capable and enjoying a fair reputation, but illustrious and truly great, princes of art, and, as they are called, geniuses, whose gifts and natural aptitude remained as though latent, all through their childhood and youth, and even longer.

Grétry, for instance, now considered one of the fathers of French comic opera, and whose works, *Richard*, *Zémire et Azor*, and *L'Ami de la Maison*, are universally esteemed masterpieces, entered as a boy the choir of the cathedral at Liège, and was sent away almost immediately, as possessing no aptitude for the study of music. When he entered Casali's school at Rome, some years afterwards, the same sentence was again pronounced on him.

A sentence in no way differing from this was that uttered by Rey on another prince of French

* If we consider the question carefully, we shall find that the abominable traffic in boys from Calabria and the Abruzzi, which, during recent times, so moved the civilized world, and is now said to have ceased, had, as its starting point, the precocious development of the musical faculties. The poor boys knew nothing of music or of anything else; but they possessed ears; they tuned their rude instruments most admirably; their fingers displayed great agility; they duly observed measure and rhythm; and, when they sang, they sang in tune, and phrased agreeably.

comic opera, Berton, composer of *Aline, Françoise de Foix*, and *Montano et Stéphanie*.

Of Pietro Guglielmi (the father), when he was a pupil at the Conservatory of the Madonna di Loreto at Naples, it was said for some time by his fellow-students, and occasionally by some of his masters as well, that he had the ears of an ass! Yet Pietro Guglielmi, author of a hundred operas, of which forty, or more, were highly popular, was the competitor and emulator of Paisiello and Cimarosa.

In Beethoven, as a pupil and a boy, no sign or indication of natural aptitude at all unusual was perceived by Van der Edén, Neefe, Haydn, Salieri, or Albrechtsberger.

Besides Bérésowsky and Onslow, each of whom gained for himself a celebrated name, Rameau, Handel, and Gluck were slow in developing their talent. They were not the grand artists and composers whom we now so much admire until the appearance of works which they wrote at a mature age, Rameau, when he was forty-nine; Handel, when he was forty; and Gluck, when he was fifty-seven.

How shall we explain these anomalies and results, so contrary to all promises and expectations?

In our opinion (but we are ready to retract if proved to be wrong), they can be explained only in one manner, which is by putting forward the fact that, in order to judge a person's natural gifts and aptitude for music, we start in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from an erroneous and superlatively false principle.

By the public (and as to the public, they are not so much to blame), by musicians, and even by teachers, by directors of Conservatories and schools, attention is paid only to the material and mechanical part of art. Of the other elements, which we will call *esthetic*, people do not even speak.

To cultivate the art of music we all agree in considering that a good ear; a proper appreciation of rhythm; a quick and tenacious memory; and, according to the particular case, active hands, or a robust, well-sounding voice of extensive compass, are absolutely necessary qualities, and that, without them, no one can become anything, no matter what he may do, or how he may study.

But, when this has been said, recognized, and admitted, we must further say, recognize, and admit that all the above qualities put together do not possess the slightest artistic value unless they are accompanied, fertilized, and rendered valuable by the *esthetic* faculties; by a noble and elevated mind; by a lively and just sentiment of the Beautiful; by warmth of feeling; by a fervid imagination; and by a fondness for poetry.

From our not noticing how different is the nature of the mechanical from that of the *esthetic* faculties, and from our not troubling ourselves about the latter, while we foster the former, there results the exceedingly frequent appearance of precocious children, and, notwithstanding this, the continually increasing infertility of the schools; the scarcity, likewise continually on the increase, of real artists, and the crowd, so numerous and compact, so restless, so hurtful to art, and yet deserving our pity, of the unsuccessful, the mediocre, and the incapable.

We have gone through the twenty or thirty plans put forth, these last few years, for the re-organization and reform of our Conservatories, but we have never found a word nor a hint referring to the necessity of distinguishing one kind of aptitude from another. When their ear, their memory, their hands, and their voice have been tried, the candidates are admitted without more ado.

To convince ourselves of the artistic worthlessness of mechanical aptitude, when, as we have already said, it is alone, we need merely observe that it may very well be found, and that it actually is found—as proved by countless examples—in persons who are really born antagonistic to the muses; persons who do not feel, who do not understand, and who do not like either music or any other fine art—and that it may be, and is, found in persons devoid of the most common and vulgar mental gifts, and even, we are inclined to say, in idiots and cretins; such was the case with the Boy Tom, who was blind into the bargain, and who, some few years ago, created such a sensation in Paris, London, and the principal cities of America.†

† The Boy Tom, there is no doubt, after hearing a cabaretta, a polka, or a mazurka only once, could repeat it without making a mistake in a single note, either of the melody or of the accompaniment. But the instinct of imitating and repeating all he heard was in him so powerful, while his reason was so limited and weak that, for instance, it was utterly impossible to make him comprehend that, in theatres and concert-rooms, though he was to repeat the music played over to him, he was not to repeat

There is, too, this fact to be added: in everything relating to musical mechanism, persons of mediocre and vulgar minds make frequently great and rapid progress, of which their masters are often as proud as they are. But, on observing closely, we find that all this great progress is due to the fact that their attention is not diverted by their own feelings and ideas, that they are not pre-occupied by inward aspirations, and that they feel always most certain of and contented with themselves, because they do not see and do not measure the height of art.

With persons possessing minds endowed with *esthetic* faculties, things often take an opposite course. Such persons perceive the height of art; they feel its nobleness; they are perpetually agitated and moved by the visions of the imagination and of the heart; by the tumult of ideas and aspirations; they endeavor, not to copy or imitate, but to make evident, to bring out, and to render in notes what they feel within their own breast. It is easy to understand that, with such a state of things, purely mechanical processes are found to be tiresome, nay, sometimes insupportable or even odious.

To this and this alone must be attributed, according to our view of the subject, the cases of tardy development cited above.

G. A. BRAGG.

A Descriptive Oration by Mr. Phoenix.

(From the Cincinnati Intelligencer.)

Did you ever hear that impressive oratorio, *The Plains*, by Mr. Phoenix, of California? For breadth, and depth, and grasp of subject, it is probably unequalled. The symphony opens upon the wide and boundless plains, in longitude 150° W., latitude 35° 21' 03" N., and about sixty miles from the west bank of Pitt River. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E flat clarinet. The sandy nature of the soil, sparsely dotted with bunches of cactus, the extended view, flat and unbroken to the horizon, save by the rising smoke in the extreme verge, denoting the vicinity of a Pi-Utah village, are represented by the bass drum. A few notes on the piccolo call the attention to a solitary antelope, picking up mescal beans in the foreground. The sun, having an altitude of 36° 27', blazes down upon the scene in indescribable majesty. Gradually the sounds roll forth in a song of rejoicing to the God of Day:—

"Of thy intensity
And great immensity
Now then we sing;
Behold in gratitude
Thee in this latitude
Curious thing!"

—which swells out into "Hey Jim along; Jim along Josey," then *decreasing*, *mas o menos*, *poco poco*, dies away and dries up. Suddenly we hear approaching a train from Pike county, consisting of seven families, with forty-six wagons, each drawn by thirteen oxen. Each family consists of a man in butter-nut-colored clothing, driving the oxen; a wife in butter-nut-colored clothing, riding in the wagon, holding a butter-nut baby, and seventeen butter-nut children running promiscuously about the establishment;—all are barefooted, dirty, and smell unpleasantly. These circumstances are expressed by pretty rapid fiddling for some minutes, winding up with a puff from the ophicleide, played by an intoxicated Teuton with an atrocious breath. It is impossible to misunderstand the description. Now rises o'er the plains, in mellifluous accents, the grand Pike County chorus:—

"Oh, we'll soon be thar
In the land of gold,
Through the forest old,
O'er the mounting cold,
With spirits bold—
Oh, we come, we come,
And we'll soon be thar,
Gee up, Bolly! whoo hup, whoo haw!"

The train now encamps. The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp-fires, the frizzling of the pork, are so clearly expressed by the music, that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and life-like was the representation, that a lady sitting near us involuntarily exclaimed aloud at a certain passage, "Thar, that pork's burning!" and it was truly

the applause with which the public rewarded him after he had done so. This he could never understand. No sooner had he left off playing, than he arose from the piano, clapping his hands, stamping, and shouting: "Bravo," like the public.

interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face when, through a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire, and the blazing pork extinguished. This was followed by the beautiful *aria*, "Oh, marm, I want a pancake," followed by the touching recitation, "Shet up, or I will spank you," to which succeeds a grand *crescendo* movement, representing the flight of the child with the pancake, the pursuit of the mother, and the final arrest and summary punishment of the former, represented by rapid and successive strokes of castanet. The turning in for the night follows, and the deep and stentorian breathing of the encampment is well given by the bassoon; while the sufferings and trials of an unhappy father, with a fretful infant, are touchingly set forth by the *cornet à piston*.

Part Second.—The night attack of the Pi-Utahs; the fearful cries of the demoniac Indians; the shrieks of the females and children; the rapid and effective fire of the rifles; the stampede of the oxen; their recovery and final repulse; the Pi-Utahs being routed after a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, while the Pikes lost but one scalp from an old fellow, who wore a wig and lost it in the scuffle;—are faithfully given, and excite intense interest in the minds of hearers; the emotions of fear, admiration, and delight succeeding each other with painful rapidity. Then follows the chorus—

"Oh! we give them fits,
The Injun Utahs,
With our six-shooters—
We give 'em particular fits."

Morning succeeds. The sun rises magnificently, (octave flute)—breakfast is eaten—in a rapid movement on three sharps; the oxen are caught and yoked up—with a small drum and triangle; the watches, purses, and other valuables of the conquered Pi-Utahs are stored away in a camp kettle, to a small movement on the piccolo, and the train moves on with the chorus—

"We'll soon be thar,
Gee up, Bolly! Whoop hup! Whoop haw!"
The whole concludes with the grand choral hymn—
"When we die we'll go to Benton,
Whoop! whoo, haw!
The greatest man that e'er land saw,
Gee!
Who this little airth was sent on,
Whup! whoo haw!
To tell a hawk from a hand saw,
Gee!"

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 21, 1875.

A Musical Professorship at Harvard. I.

At last our venerable University has made up her mind to establish a Professorship of Music,—on a full and equal footing, as to dignity at least, with the existing chairs of literature and science. The "President and Fellows" made the proposition, and the board of Overseers, at their last meeting, voted that it should be done. After long waiting, and nearly forty years of agitation of the subject on the part of the Harvard Musical Association, of which this professorship was one of the ideal aims and motives from the first,—forty years, during which time, even to this day, no wealthy friend of culture has ever yet presented the endowment fund,—the idea has finally got into the head of the alumni and the rulers of old Harvard, as something which has been postponed too long and must be realized at last. For the material where-withal, the funds, it may safely go for granted that these will promptly be forthcoming, now that Alma Mater has given notice to her sons and to the world, that she must have Music formally installed and recognized among the rest of the "humanities" with equal honor.

Who is to be the man? Although some formal steps are wanting (during the vacation period) to complete the action, it is perfectly well understood that he will be no other than the learned, earnest, and devoted musician, yet in the prime of life, who has for the past fourteen years labored so assiduously, in spite of very moderate encouragement, as

musical instructor in the College, (holding for the past year the rank of Assistant Professor).—Mr. JOHN KNOWLES PAINE. So far as a single man may fill the place, we know not one who would be more competent. He certainly has earned his title to it there, having made the most of the small means and narrow opportunities at his disposal. At home in all the science and the ready use of counterpoint; a composer, who has produced his proofs in many of the largest forms of composition with a good measure of success, he was prepared to teach, if there were any ready to be taught. There may be others of a more brilliant genius, a more marked individuality, a more quickening, magnetic power, more tact and ready art in intercourse with men; of this we do not presume to judge; but there is that in his deep, earnest love of art, his thorough training and his knowledge, his singleness of purpose and simplicity of character, his fidelity to the high *morale* of his calling, and his hearty love of work, which goes far to offset all that may be imagined to be wanting.—Of course this musical professorship will be what he will make it; he has to create it as the sculptor moulds the clay; indeed he has been creating it these fourteen years, by humble means and processes, which it is to be hoped will now blossom to the light and bear good fruit.

Here then is a good beginning,—a *first bonâ fide* University professorship of Music; not hastily arrived at, not at all premature; not an empty name, the cheap resolution of an ignorant ambition, such as has hitherto conferred degrees of Doctor in Music on the part of Colleges by no means musical; but a live fact, well rooted, that has grown up from the germ. But we trust it will be considered only the beginning. Music, to be fitly and fully represented in the University, needs more than one professor, needs in fact a complete Faculty, or School, as fully equipped as those of Law and Medicine and Natural History are now. To this end the little amateur association of music-loving sons of Harvard, to which we have alluded, has been, in its quiet, private, social way, more or less consciously and definitely working. The agitation and indoctrination began here, and to this day has proceeded chiefly from this little circle. To this end have its Symphony Concerts, its Library, its appeals by pen and mouth, all tended. This Library, these Concerts, in the ideal of its leading, organizing spirits, find one of their chief motives in the future; they, as they become firmly established, will stand all ready as so many columns for the temple of a complete school of music under the protecting wing of a disinterested, wise, respected University. The *academic* motive of these concerts, which has in some sense kept their programmes "so exclusive," has not been sufficiently understood by those who would force them into competition, in the way of *ad captandum* novelties and dazzling exhibitions of technique, with other concerts of a more speculative origin and spirit. There is some education derived, of course, from the whole multifarious opera and concert business, from the hearing of so much music good, bad and indifferent. There is also a loosening of the soil, over wide tracts where naught would grow before, by means of the numerous "Conservatories," so called, which have sprung up in this country of late years, some of which count their pupils by thousands. But numbers are of too great account with them, and "business," far more than Art or Culture, seems to be the genius and the mainspring of their organization. Let these do all the good they can in their own way; but there is still wanting an *authority*; something established, and respected, far above mercenary motives, which may set a higher tone and an example for them also, so that there may be something to refer to, something standard,

in the midst of all their differences, and superficialities and caterings to the fashions and the idols of a day. Where can this be found so well as in an ancient University, where it will enjoy the guaranty of character and of disinterestedness; where culture is pursued purely, and for its own sake; a University so placed as to be as far above and independent of all speculative, mere business arts and influences, as any Church can be? Here Music would possess at least one independent sanctuary, which the money-changers could not profane. Here all teaching could at least have the guaranty of a disinterested motive. Here the standard of pure taste would not have to be dragged down into the market place continually, to compete with the new fashions, the passing excitements and cheap popularities of those with whom *enterprise* is regarded as the one thing needful, and constitutes their entire talent. Moreover, in the University, Music will dwell in sweet companionship with sister arts, and stand in living, daily, true relationship with all the branches of a many-sided universal culture. The study of the Art could hardly fail, in such a liberal and genial sphere, where all is well approved and earnest, to aspire and tend continually to the highest standard of pure taste; Truth, before popular *effect*, would be its motto and its practice.

We have opened a great subject, and one which, to discuss fully, would lead us far beyond our present means or purpose. Yet, in another paper, we hope to develop the theme a little further, as well as to give some brief account of how much actually has been accomplished in the university at Cambridge toward building up a musical character for itself.

Liszt and Robert Franz.

We had occasion lately to allude to the warm interest which Liszt has always taken in the Songs of Franz. A letter lies before us now from our own Boston singer, Mr. KREISSMANN, to whom more than to any other singer we owe here our acquaintance with the beauty of those songs, and who, in one of the happier intervals of his still uncertain state of health, visited the musical Abbaté at his home in Weimar in June last, and sang Franz songs at his request. We are permitted to translate a portion of his glowing letter. Liszt had heard of him before as one of the most zealous and truest interpreters of Franz, and complimented him on having done so good a work. The letter then proceeds:

When we were taking leave, he said to me: "You probably know that every Sunday morning, from 11 to 1 o'clock, I hold my musical *matinée* here in my rooms; you and your lady are invited to the same, and will be always welcome during your stay in Weimar." Quite delighted at such a reception, and full of expectation, we took our leave, and I could scarcely sleep the whole night long from the excitement. Punctually at eleven we found ourselves again at Liszt's, where a select company were already assembled. All his pupils of both sexes, whose number is unusually large just now (from all parts of the world, the rising young pianists, and composers too, stream to this musical Mecca, as soon as the great prophet lets himself be seen and takes up his abode here for some time; and it is America that furnishes the largest contingent.) one after another found themselves together here. The others present were followers and worshippers of the great master from the élite of the musical world here, and among them must be counted the Grand Duke, who is not only a cultivated and artistic amateur of music, but one of Liszt's particular admirers. There were also other artists, either at home in Weimar, or, like myself, temporarily there for the sake of making the great master's acquaintance and observing him in his own household surroundings. The Grand Duke was accompanied by his adjutant, and moved about in the company with the air of a simple citizen without the least pretension. (Indeed I was struck by the absence of all etiquette; the ladies appeared in their usual costume, the gentlemen without dress coat, &c., nor was the Grand Duke distinguishable from others by his dress). When he had seated himself, the rest did likewise, and now began the various performances.

Several young lady pupils played the piano; among whom Miss Kate Gaul, from Baltimore, dis-

tinguished herself above all by her expressive, tender, beautiful touch, her ripe and sound conception and soulful rendering of a Nocturne by Chopin. Two young ladies sang—nothing remarkable; both were young and have yet to learn; moreover, a lad of fourteen, pupil in the orchestral school here, played a violin solo, which interested me but little. But now at last came Master Liszt himself. At first he played for four hands with one of his pupils, who is at the same time a talented composer, a composition of the latter; then he played alone a string of his own compositions, and of other works. That indeed was compensation for the insignificant things I had been hearing; and as he seemed to be in very good mood, and to feel like playing, he enchanted every one, and carried all away with him. Never in my life shall I forget that day.

But what must remain for me the most unforgettable experience of that day, I have now to relate. When Liszt had done playing, he rose, and searched about over the room with his eyes as if he wished to find somebody. I sat back in a corner; and when at last his eyes fell on me, he nodded to me and said in a friendly, smiling manner: "Now we will hear some of the beautiful songs of Rodert Franz, which they say you are so fond of, and sing so admirably." The appeal was so unexpected and so surprised me that, for sheer confusion, I could hardly utter the excuse, that, having never dreamed of such an invitation, I had brought no music with me. "That's easily remedied," replied Liszt, while from a heap of music that lay on the piano he drew forth several sets of Franz songs and handed them to me; "Here, choose to your own liking." While I turned over the leaves to make a selection, he had seated himself again at the piano, and looking round with an expectant, friendly smile, he began to prelude. So Liszt himself was going to accompany me?

I cannot describe to you what a feeling came upon me at that thought and inspired me. For years it had been my earnest wish to have sometime an opportunity to sing at least some songs of Franz before Liszt—before him, who through his little pamphlet about these songs, has shown in what a high esteem he holds them, and how deeply he had recognized and felt the infinite beauties of these master creations. But I had never in the remotest degree believed in the possibility of the fulfilment of this wish, or dared to hope for it; and now, all unexpectedly, this boldest of all wishes was to be realized, and the immortal master himself was waiting there, of his own accord, to play my accompaniment!

This feeling raised my mood to a height I had never felt before; proud and full of confidence I stood there over Liszt, and after the first two or three bars had assured me that I was in good voice, I gave myself up freely and entirely to my feeling, and I sang, I do believe, more beautifully than ever in my life before. Liszt thanked me very heartily, appeared quite delighted, and bestowed on me much praise and recognition. The Grand Duke also had me presented, and thanked me with equal warmth and friendliness for the exquisite enjoyment which my singing had given him. Then he spoke with praise of the freshness and beauty of my voice ("which seemed indeed just made for these songs"); of my distinct enunciation, ("he had understood every word"); but particularly of my expressive and intelligent delivery. "The songs you sang were entirely new to me," he continued, "and I should like, if I may ask the favor, to hear you in some songs with which I am familiar." Schumann's songs were better known to him; and so I selected "Altnächtlich in Träume" and "Frühlingsnacht." These too were most successful.

When I had ended, the Grand Duke arose from his seat and, as he hastily approached me, exclaimed aloud: "Ausgezeichnet, wunderschön! You have quite enchanted me." Then he continued: "These songs I have heard here often and by different singers of both sexes, but never have I heard them sung so perfectly and so enchantingly as by you; and I thank you most sincerely for it. You seem to give yourself completely out in these songs; one would think you were the poet and composer both in one."—After this he inquired about my earlier history; then came upon my life and work in Boston; then we talked about the musical condition of America in general; and, after conversing with me for full a quarter of an hour, immediately took his leave.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD. This famous English pianist, we are requested to state, will visit Boston next November and give several concerts here. She has recently been playing with great success in San Francisco,

and is now residing in its suburbs, taking a summer rest, prior to a grand Concert tour through the United States and Canada, after which she will return to England.

Mme. Goddard's only appearance in our city hitherto was in the Gilmore Jubilee, which placed an artist of her rank in so false a position, that both for her own sake and for ours, we shall be glad to hear her under more auspicious circumstances.

Music at the Central Park Garden.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 9.—Besides the regular classical Thursday evening concerts, Mr. Thomas is now giving on Tuesday evenings a series of programmes each of which is made up entirely from the works of one composer; thus we have already had a Wagner night, and a Beethoven night as follows:

Wagner Night, July 27.

Overture: "The Phantom Ship."
Introduction and Finale; "Tristan and Isolde."
Kaiser March.
Eine Faust Overture.
Der Ritt der Walküren, } from the "Walküre."
Wotan's Farewell, }
Magic Fire Scene. }
Vocal part by Mr. Franz Remmert.
Vorspiel: "Lohengrin."
Albumbblatt: Solo for Violin.
M. S. E. Jacobsohn.
Romanze: "Evening Star," "Tannhäuser."
Overture.

Mr. Franz Remmert.

Beethoven Night, Aug. 3.
Selections from Ballet music: "Prometheus," op. 43.
(Overture, Adagio, March.)
Violoncello obligato by Mr. Ch. Hemann.
Septet, op. 20.
(Theme and Variations, Scherzo, Finale.)
Overture: "Coriolan," op. 62.
Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67.
Overture: "Leonora," No. 3.
Romanze, in G, op. 40.
Played by all the first Violins.
Turkish March: "Ruins of Athens."

Most of the Wagner music is already familiar to us, but the Albumbblatt was heard for the first time. It is a real melody, and it was played by Mr. Jacobsohn with remarkable skill and refinement. A repetition of this piece was demanded, but the second performance was cut short by the breaking of a string in Mr. Jacobsohn's violin. The "Evening Star" Romanze from *Tannhäuser* was rendered with good effect by Mr. Remmert, whose fine, full voice and dignified style always make a favorable impression.

In the ballet music from Beethoven's *Prometheus* the violoncello obligato was remarkably well performed by Mr. Hemann.

The attendance at both concerts was very large; and the Thursday evening concerts are also well patronized. The audience on other nights is not so large; but the patronage is fair considering the number of people who are out of town. The programme for each evening is made up with so much care and so skillfully arranged that it is hard to make a distinction, even in favor of Thursday evenings, the only difference now being that a Symphony is usually added to the list.

Continuing the summary of these programmes from the point at which I left it, we have the following:

Thursday Evening, July 8.

Prelude, } adapted for orchestra by J. J. Abert.. Bach
Choral, }
Fugue, }
German Dances [adapted by J. Herbeck]....Schubert
Romanze: Horn Quartet and Orchestra, [new.]
Dudley Buck
Messrs. Schmitz, Pieper, Kusstenmacher and Eller.
Overture: "Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Symphony, No. 2, in D, Op. 30.....Beethoven
Selections: "Phantom Ship".....Wagner
Polonaise: Struensee.....Meyerbeer
Nocturne: }
Wedding March, } Midsummer night's Dream.
Mendelssohn

Mr. Dudley Buck acted as conductor in the absence of Mr. Thomas. His Horn Quartet has already become quite popular, both on account of its merit and of the masterly performance of the horn players. It is a bold, romantic conception, scored with remarkable talent, and the orchestral part is very nicely balanced and finely harmonized, producing a beautiful effect.

The backbone of the programme was, of course, the Beethoven Symphony, which was very well rendered, thanks to the discretion of the orchestra which followed the first violin headed by Mr. Jacobsohn, and was followed in turn much of the time by the conductor's baton. The Bach music

was particularly interesting and the adaptation is good. The *Struensee* Polonaise, part of the music written to illustrate the tragedy by Michael Beer, is very effective and has found place in the programmes frequently of late.

Thursday Evening, July 15.

Overture: "Magic Flute".....Mozart
Sonata, op. 8, [new].....Beethoven
Vorspiel: "Loreley".....Max Bruch
March for the Goethe Festival.....Liszt
Symphony: "Frithjof" op. 22.....Hoffmann
Overture: "William Tell".....Rossini
Ave Maria.....Bach-Gounod
Ballet: "Rienzi".....Wagner

The "Frithjof" symphony was first performed at one of the symphony concerts last winter and recognized with that glad surprise which greets a work of true genius. There is something in the instrumentation of this Symphony which approaches the wonderful style of Raff; but the spirit of the composition is entirely original. The delightful intermezzo ("Elves of light and Frost Giants") is a picturesque, half-comical delineation, which has already become a frequent and welcome addition to the repertoire of the Garden Concerts.

Thursday Evening, July 22.

Overture: "Alceste" [new].....Gluck
Passacaglia, [adapted for orchestra by H. Esser]....Bach
Hungarian Dances, [new].....Hoffmann
Selections from 3d act of the "Meistersinger".....Wagner

Symphony No. 4, ["Consolation of Tone"].....Spohr
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 1.....Liszt
Romanze, op. 40, in G.....Beethoven
Turkish March.....Mozart

Spohr's work is wonderfully well done. In fact, it is painfully so. "Faultily faultless;"—one tires at last of this suave uninterrupted flow of melody. And yet it is a composition of too much merit to be consigned to the limbo of oblivion, for Spohr had every gift except the divine one. So let us hear his music occasionally. Too much of it is like a diet composed exclusively of honey.

Thursday Evening, July 29.

Suite, No. 3, in D.....Bach
Overture, Air, Gavotte, Bourée, Gigue.
Drei Charakterstücke, [new].....H. Hoffmann
Overture: "Genoveva".....Schumann
Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert
Symphonic Poem: "Les Preludes".....Liszt
Overture: "The Neighbors".....H. Horn
Fantasia: "Visions in a Dream".....Lunbye
With Solo for Zither.

Huldigung's March.....Wagner
I have seldom heard Bach's music executed with the precision and clearness which signalized this performance of the Suite, and I can imagine nothing more fascinating than the music.

The character pieces by Hoffmann are remarkably well scored. The first is a charming meditation entitled "Ruhe in Schatten einer Ruine." The second a *Ballade*, and the third a Scherzo called "In Sonnenschein."

"And soon the buzzing knows no end

* * * * *

Soprano mosquitos and the crickets;
The dragon-flies, a varied throng,
In Alto raise their swelling song,
Blue flies and bees in Tenor quaver,
In deep-toned bass the lively chafer."

Poor Schubert! your life was itself an "unfinished symphony;" but the missing chords will be supplied by those who love you in every land where music is known. You have indeed touched the stars with your forehead. A. A. C.

The Garden Concerts, New York.

[From the Tribune, Aug. 14.]

Since the sudden disappearance of the lessee of the Central Park Garden three weeks ago, leaving a number of claims unsatisfied, that favorite establishment has been beset with embarrassments. The public, however, has seen nothing of the internal perplexities; the performances—thanks to Thomas's energy and pluck—have been kept at their usual high level; and now, all lovers of music will be glad to know, the troubles are over and the fortunes of the rest of the season are assured. It would have been an irreparable public misfortune if the concerts had been allowed to stop. Meanwhile, the programmes have been uncommonly rich. The plan of giving special nights to great composers has been pursued with brilliant results. Last Tuesday was devoted to Schubert, the Tuesday previous to Beethoven, and next Tuesday is set apart for Mozart, when some peculiar novelties are to be presented. On last Thursday, in spite of the rainy weather, there was a good house, with the following interesting bill:

PART I.	
Maestoso, } [new].....Gluck	
Molto Lento, }.....Chaconne	
German Dances.....Schubert	
Symphony in D, No. 5.....Mozart	
1. Allegro con spirito, 2 Andante,	
3 Menuetto, 4 Presto.	

PART II.	
Overture, "Anacreon".....Cherubini	
Septet, Op. 20.....Beethoven	
Theme and Variations—Scherzo—Finale.	
Overture, "Manfred".....Schumann	

PART III.	
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 3.....Liszt	
Symphonic Poem, "Le Roi et d'Omphale.".....Saint-Saens	
Fairy Overture, "Aladdin".....Hornemann	

The first number on this programme is taken from the ballet-music which Gluck added to his "Orpheus" when he revised that opera for the Paris stage. The three movements follow one another without break, and with a climax of force, interest and beauty which the least experienced listener can hardly fail to appreciate. Such pure and noble music can never grow old. How finely, too, it was matched by the elegant and exquisitely finished overture of Cherubini's, and how delightfully contrasted with Herbeck's arrangement of the Schubert dances, and the superb Beethoven Septet, arranged for the orchestra. All these selections, as well as Schumann's grand overture to "Manfred," were played with unusual spirit and refinement. The Mozart Symphony was in some respects the most interesting feature of the concert, not so much for its intrinsic merit, though that is very high, as because of a curious restoration which Thomas has been enabled to make to the score. He has added from an old and authentic manuscript copy in his possession, the parts for flutes and clarinets which Mozart wrote, but which have hitherto been omitted. Even the latest edition of Mozart's Symphonies, by Breitkopf and Härtel, does not contain these important parts. The Symphony has not been heard recently in New York, but it richly deserves frequent repetition, if only for the sake of the vigorous first movement. How Mozart's contemporaries must have wondered when they first heard these bold and original strains, so unlike the opening of every symphony before them. Even to-day, though their novelty has been taken away, their freshness remains, and the music is not less remarkable for strong effects than for that rare combination of dignity with an indefinable grace and loveliness which distinguishes all the best work of this charming master.

LAWRENCE, MASS. Here are the programmes, very good ones, of some "Free Organ Recitals" given in various churches of the city by Mr. GEORGE CHADWICK, with the vocal assistance of Mrs. G. M. CUMMINGS, Mr. REUBEN MERRILL and Mr. H. P. PARSONS. They were the first ever given in Lawrence, and we hear that they were well attended and appreciated.

1. Thursday, June 24.

- 1 Prelude and Fugue in C major.....Bach
- 2 Adagio from G minor Sonata.....Merkel
- 3 Aria, "O Rest in the Lord," from "Elijah.".....Mendelssohn

Mrs. Cummings.

- 4 Variations in A flat.....Hesse
- 5 Pastorale in F.....Bach
- 6 Song, "There is a green hill far away".....Gounod

Mrs. Cummings.

- 7 Fugue in E flat, "St. Ann's".....Bach

Mrs. Cummings.

2. Thursday, July 1.

- 1 Fugue in C minor.....Bach
- 2 Studien, op. 36, No. 4.....Schumann
- 3 Aria, "O God, have mercy," St. Paul. Mendelssohn

Mr. Merrill.

- 4 Fugue in G minor, Bk. 2, No. 4.....Hesse
- 5 Variations in A major.....Bach
- 6 Song, "Guardian Angels".....Gounod

Mr. Merrill.

- 7 Skizzen, op. 38, Nos. 1 and 2.....Schumann

Mr. Parsons.

- 4 Variations, "Heil Dir," Op. 67.....Hesse
- 5 Sonate, No. 1. [first movement].....Bach
- 6 Song, "Nazareth".....Gounod

Mr. Parsons.

- 7 Concertsatz in C minor.....Thiele
- 8 Skizzen, Nos. 4 and 2.....Schumann

WORCESTER, MASS. The Boston Globe has an interesting descriptive and historical account, with illustrations, of the beautiful old city which lies at "the heart of the Commonwealth." Among other things, its musical advantages are thus enumerated:

The musical reputation of Worcester is superior to that of most other cities. The music in the public schools is under the direction of Mr. E. S. Nason, who, by his untiring labor and long experience, has gained a well-deserved reputation. He is very ably assisted by Miss C. H. Metcalf. There are three musical associations, with headquarters at Worcester, called the Worcester County Musical Association, the Singing Society "Frohsinn," and the Worcester Choral Union, as well as a music school. The Worcester County Association holds a grand annual fes-

tival each year with a view to the improvement of choirs in the performance of church music, the formation of an elevated musical taste through study in the highest departments, and a social, genial reunion of all lovers of music. The festival continues five days and four grand concerts are given. The music school is under the entire supervision of Mr. G. W. Sumner. Among the fine corps of teachers engaged in this institution are Messrs. B. D. Allen, C. R. Hayden, F. F. Ford, E. L. Sumner and Mrs. M. J. Sumner. The following is a list of the officers of the Worcester County Musical Association:

President, Hon. William R. Hill; Vice Presidents, William Sumner, B. D. Allen, A. C. Monroe, L. Stockwell, Anson Rice; Secretary, S. Richards, Asst. I. N. Metcalf; Treasurer, J. E. Benchley; Librarian, G. W. Elkins, Asst., J. Q. Adams.

There are four brass and two string bands. Among the most prominent music teachers are C. P. Morrison, E. L. Sumner, M. J. Sumner, J. A. Broad, George Burt, H. L. Ainsworth, H. T. Boardman, Ella Van Voast, Addie S. Holman and Emma Dunbar.

Royal Italian Opera, London.

From the 30th of March to the 17th of July—the opening night and the closing night—there were 83 performances, 59 conducted by Signor Vianesi and 24 by Signor Bevignani. Both conductors must have shown exemplary diligence, seeing that no less than 29 different operas were produced, and for the greater part in the most effective manner. We need not catalogue them, the record of the season having been given, from week to week, in sufficiently accurate detail. It is worth mentioning, however, that the largest number of representations (15) were devoted to three of Mozart's operas—*Don Giovanni*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*; Meyerbeer (14) coming next, with *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, *Don Carlos*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*; Verdi next (10), Rossini next (9); Auber, Donizetti, and Gounod each counting seven. So, notwithstanding the ideas prevalent here and there, that the advent of Wagner, with his *Lohengrin*, was to be at least the temporary annihilation of our old and cherished masterpieces, the reverse has proved to be the case. Mozart, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Verdi are more than ever popular; and, though Mozart died in 1791, Rossini left off composing for the theatre in 1829, and the *Huguenots* was produced in 1836, they are likely to retain the popularity so well earned by their compositions, in which rhythmical melody, the essence and soul of music, everywhere prevails.

At the same time it cannot be denied that the first production of *Lohengrin* in this country, for which we are indebted to Mr. Gye, has been the "curiosity" and in certain respects the prominent attraction of the season. No work has for a long period been talked about so much in every circle where operatic music is discussed, and no work has given rise to so many differences of opinion; some extolling it to the skies, as the *ne plus ultra* of lyrical-dramatic art; others accepting it *cum grano*, with reservations; while others have rejected it *in toto*, as embodying a theory which, if successfully carried out, must eventually do away altogether with opera, as it has been known and understood among us time out of mind. Our own opinion has been expressed on several occasions; and we may add (deferentially, for we are speaking of Wagner) that further experience has given us no cause to change or modify it. A large number of the public has accorded a hearty welcome to *Lohengrin*, and this fact must not be overlooked. Another fact, however, must equally be borne in mind. *Lohengrin*, as the author of the *Artwork of the Future*, himself implies, is not the expression of his last word; the works that follow it—*Tristan und Isolde*, with *Rheingold*, the *Trilogy of the Nibelungen*, and, lastly, *Parsifal* (or "*Parzifal*," which, looming in the distance, is already disturbing the contemplative master's brain—are destined to carry out his theory to the utmost, and to make or mar it, in the eyes of those competent to judge and able to compete argumentatively with such an intellectual giant in polemics. Enough that eight performances were given by Mr. Gye, to whom the highest credit is due for the lavish splendor with which the opera was placed on the stage; and to Mlle. Emma Albani, for her charming impersonation of Elsa, which advanced her several steps in public opinion; and to Signor Vianesi for the pains he took in getting up the performance, and—supported by a thoroughly competent orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus, our foremost English violinist, at the head—the ability with which he directed it.

There is little more to add. That Madame Adelina Patti, on legitimate grounds, enjoys more than ever the favor of the public is an unquestionable fact; how Mlle. Albani has progressed, and is progressing, has been recorded on more than one occasion, as also how M. Faure maintains his position as the first dramatic barytone bass of the period. Upon the rest of the company—among whom were some of the long-tried Covent Garden veterans, together with new-comers, like the tenors, Signors de Sanctis and Carpi—it is unnecessary to dwell. We must except, nevertheless, Mlle. D'Angeri, who, in her first impersonation of Leonora (*Fidelio*), as a young and rising artist, did herself infinite credit; and Mlle. Bianchi, who, as Susanna, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, showed how gradually and surely she is advancing, and who at the last representation of Mozart's comic masterpiece (if "*comic*" it may be entitled) more than justified, in the beautiful serenade, "*Deh! vieni non tardar*," the encomiums bestowed upon her on a previous occasion. Mlle. Zaré Thalberg, Mr. Gye's youngest artist, although she has only appeared in three characters, may be looked upon as his most promising recent acquisition. In each part she has made a highly favorable impression.—*Times*.

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| No. 5. O horrid midnight. Recit. and | |
| Aria. 6. E to b. | \$1.00 |
| " 6. He comes. Cabaletta. 6. Eb to b. | 50 |
| " 7. How soft the thrill. Duet. 5. | |
| D♭ to a. | 50 |
| " 8. If the gods in pity. Cabaletta. 6. | |
| F to a. | 75 |
| " 9. Perchance an Angel. Cavatina. | |
| 6. E to f. | 50 |
| " 10. Dost thou not hear. Duet. 6. | |
| E to a. | 1.00 |
| " 11. To words of his. Cho. and Solo. | |
| 4. G♭ to f. | 25 |
| " 12. Now sad moment. Cho. 4. B♭ to g. | 25 |
| " 13. He's free, now. Quintette and | |
| Cho. 5. Eb to b. | 75 |
| " 14. Oh, true Love. Romanzetta. 5. | |
| E♭ and A♭ to a. | 75 |
| " 15. O loved Folly. Chorus. 4. C to g. | 50 |
| " 16. Like a siren. Romance. 5. B♭ to a. | 35 |
| " 17. What! His loved wife. Stretta. | |
| 5. Eb to b. | 75 |
| " 18. By ev'ry hope. Aria. 5. A♭ to a. | 75 |

Mr. Millard's opera has 37 numbers, part of them, as will be seen, containing difficult music of great compass. But there is also much within the reach of singers of average powers. Get a number, and judge of this new American opera.

In a leafy Nook so shady. 3. F to f. Hatton. 30

"And the waterfall before us,
Dripping, dripping, never stopping."

Elegant words and music.

Forget me not. 3. C to c. Gatty. 30

"For all the world you've been to me,
And half the world you take away."

One of Mr. Gatty's superfine ballads.

Instrumental.

Evangeline. Melodie Variee. 4. Eb. Maylath. 40
A pleasing melody, neatly varied.

L'Adieu du Berger. (Shepherd's Farewell).

Morceau Elegant. 4. Eb. Maylath. 50

An elegant melody, such as Shepherds may be supposed to have warbled, ornamented with arpeggios, chords and octave runs.

La Belle Zingara. Fantasie Mazurka. 4. Eb. Maylath. 40

A wild, musical air, with quite varied arrangements.

Palisade Waltz. 3. Eb. Prescott. 35

Gay music, which may help in the cheerful passing away of time on the Palisades as elsewhere.

Indigo, or the 40 Thieves. Oper'tta by Strauss.

No. 2. March. arr. by Maylath. 35

Introduces three airs from the operetta, and though from a thieves opera, will answer nicely for honest people to march to.

Joyous Moments. Morceau de Salon. 5. F. S. Smith. 75

Spend an anxious hour or two in learning it, after which joyous moments will be forever at your disposal.

Three Compo's for Piano. Miss Prescott, ea. 30

No. 1. Shepherd's Song. 3. F.

" 2. Crocus. Polka. 3. B♭

The Polka has a bright "snap" to it, and the Shepherd sings in a very spirited lay. Brilliant pieces.

Sleigh Ride Galop. 3. C. Aronsen. 40

A little in advance of the season, but the music is bright and attractive enough for any time.

Voges March. 3. Eb. Zikoff. 35

A quick March or Quickstep, and may be classed among the best.

Lohengrin, by Wagner. Potpourri 4. Cramer. 75

The decidedly romantic music of the opera artistically put together.

Days that are past. Tone Picture. 4. Eb. Lange. 50

"Tone Pictures" are better than the "imitative pieces" (which they succeed), since the latter include considerable clap-trap, while these are legitimate "descriptions" of graceful thoughts.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The keys marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

